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## Editorial

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## Mythcon 51: A VIRTUAL "HALFLING" MYTHCON

July 31 - August 1, 2021 (Saturday and Sunday)

<http://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/mythcon-51.htm>



## Mythcon 52: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

Albuquerque, New Mexico; July 29 - August 1, 2022

<http://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/mythcon-52.htm>

### Abstract

As you know, subscriptions to Mythrill have been \$2.50 for four issues. Inflation has compelled us to discontinue Mythrill as a subscription magazine. There will, however, be a new fiction 'zine under new editorship published annually beginning in June of 1981. New editor Gary Myers has tentatively titled it Terra Incognita. He is actively looking for material. ...(redacted address)..... This issue, therefore, is Mythrill the Last.

### Keywords

Mythrill; Mythopoeic; Editorial

corner of the tent. Turning, they beheld the Fairy herself, in her customary dark robes, stepping out of the shadow. Most of them jumped to their feet, but, brushing aside ceremonial, she took a place amongst them and repeated her question. A citizen of both worlds, her skin was a lighter beige than the Englishman's, her hair white around her ageless face, her hands four-fingered, and her eyes, at this moment, amused.

"It hardly seemed your way of doing things, Lady," Robin tried to explain. "I suppose it would have been less convincing for them to have taken me with a written message, but on the whole, there seemed too much cruelty as well as too much deceit in the scheme for it to have been yours."

"Beware of flattery, sir," smiled the Fairy. "As it happens, you were right. I learned only an hour ago of this plot, and Gardannkar's misuse of my name. Give me your hand, sir. No, your left hand."

Mingled with the relief was just a touch of regret in losing his badge so quickly; but it would facilitate his use of his eating utensils. Valderon's physician, having begged the favour of unwrapping the bandage, expressed a lively envy of the newcomer's healing power, which she accepted with tolerance.

Somewhat later, as the meal was concluding, and before the wine cups could be refilled again, the Fairy fixed her eye on the Zarrian Princess. "We must speak of the amulet, Deranial."

"By rights it belongs to the rulers of Zarre," demurred the Princess, "and I have not yet been chosen; I am merely holding it in trust. However, we can speak of it whenever you will, Lady."

"Tomorrow, then. For this evening, I'll relieve you of the task of seeing our Earthman home."

"That task would have been pleasure," said Deranial. "Still," she added politely, "you have my gratitude, Lady."

Robin, seizing on his cue, rose to take his leave. Bowing to the two Tehzarian ladies, he took the hand of each in turn and kissed it respectfully. "A custom of my world," he explained.

Somewhat to his consternation, the Crown and the Princess, acting as if by common assent, promptly sprang up on either side of him and planted their kisses on each ear. "A custom of our world," explained Mel-dana, crying the next moment, "Why, what've we done to the outlander?"

"Nothing at all," Deranial answered as she calmly took her seat. "He's only blushing. They turn that shade because their blood is the colour of granion soup."

"And a handy thing, as it turned out," said Robin, recovering his composure. "What else could you have smeared me with for my appearance before the town?"

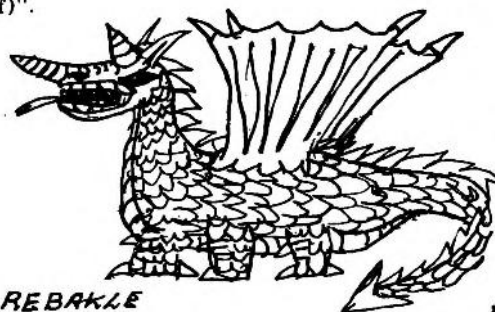
"What's that you say?" Rose murmured drowsily.

"Nothing," replied her husband. He could not have slept long, for the clock in the downstairs hall was only striking ten, and yet he'd had time for a rather long and complex dream, which had dissipated in the moment of awakening, to leave little but a sense of adventure, an impression that somehow Uncle Mervyn had been involved, and the image of a dainty three-fingered green hand wearing a ring with a pale blue stone. "At least, I don't think I said anything just then," he added.

"Very well," yawned his wife. "You shall be forgiven."

Forgiven for what? Ah, yes, he dimly remembered, as if it had been very long ago, that he'd been curtain-lectured that evening, but the smart had somehow been erased in his sleep and dreaming. A dream, he mused comfortably, as his wife rolled to his side and he folded her in his arms, could be a very pleasant thing.

(Further adventures of Robin in Tehzaria may be found in Rampant Guinea Pig #2; the tale is entitled "The Rebakle (and the part Robin played in the slaying thereof)").



REBAKLE

## Editorial

To all Mythril readers:

As you know, subscriptions to Mythril have been \$2.50 for four issues. Inflation has compelled us to discontinue Mythril as a subscription magazine. There will, however, be a new fiction 'zine under new editorship, published annually beginning in June of 1981. New editor Gary Myers has tentatively titled it Terra Incognita. He is actively looking for material. His home address is 6153 McKinley Ave., South Gate, CA 90280. This issue, therefore, is Mythril the Last.

Please look at the number in the upper right-hand corner of your address label. This is the Mythril issue through which your subscription now runs. For each issue owed you, you are entitled to 65¢ credit. Example:

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I want to say briefly that I hope you have enjoyed reading Mythril as much as I have enjoyed getting it out to you. I apologize for the long delay since #7, but as you now know, (I say with everything crossed!) this final issue was worth all that went into it. My deep thanks go to our contributors, both writers and illustrators, to Dynamic Graphics, Inc., of Peoria, Illinois for their permission to use the front-cover artwork; to Gary Myers for his patient and good-humored help; and to you for supporting Mythril. And I'll be looking forward to Terra Incognita next year. Thank you, everyone, and Namarie.

Laura Ruskin